

Snatched away

by Darkanny

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians
Genre: Romance
Language: English
Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost
Pairings: Hiccup/Jack Frost
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2014-07-03 02:54:08
Updated: 2014-07-03 02:54:08
Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:35:18
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,827
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: July prompt: Dark. The dark has some charms that not even Jack can resist

Snatched away

Hiccup hummed, closing his eyes as he felt the cold pins lightly touching his skin, up, and up, and up. All the way along his exposed leg, peeping just enough through the dark robes flowing over his body, the shadows twisting at his will.

He carded his fingers through the spiky locks, the greyish tone of his skin almost looking dirty in contrast with the pure white of the winter spirit's hair. Blue eyes looked up half-lidded at him, a hazy look of pure adoration clouding them over.

"Aren't you a pretty sight?" He cooed, combing the soft hair calmly, enjoying the way it made the boy squirm when he pulled slightly.

Jack smiled and nuzzled his cheek against the smoky skin of the thin leg in his grasp. "Nothing compared to you" He said softly, almost dreamily, resuming the string of kisses up the length of the still complete limb; the other, shortened one hidden under the flowing robes.

The fearling laughed, letting his small weight fall better against the throne he sat upon, making the spirit follow him, taking advantage to get closer to the shadow as he did.

Jack had been such a sad, pathetic little thing when he found him. Hiccup had been a shadow for more time he cared to keep count of, going around the globe as usual, finding people to scare and drain the sweet fear off them, keeping himself alive just for the hell of it, not giving Pitch much importance other than reporting to him

every decade or so, just to show he was still alive.

It had been almost half a decade ago. He'd caught sight of the moon rays getting stronger and weaker intermittently on a fixated spot, almost as if trying to convey a message to someone. Now, he never cared much about the Moon or what was connected to him or what was he saying.

To whom, was what made him curious.

Usually the Moon would convey himself in your mind, or at least that's what he'd heard from Pitch, not that the Moon ever talked to him; why would he, really? That's why this sudden, more physical presence of him called his attention.

He drifted to the shadows cast by the trees, slowly and carefully making his way to the clearing where the rays would be too much for him to get too close, and then he saw him.

In the middle of a pond that was always frozen, a small, piteous figure knelt on the hard surface, deaf to the attempt of the Moon at talking to him. What he could see of the boy's face was scrunched up, angry at something and intently stabbing the ice with the butt of the staff in his hand.

He stood there, hidden in the forest line until the Moon gave up and turned his light somewhere else, leaving the sprite alone. Hiccup took his chance and made his way to the center of the pond, the ice cracking wherever he stepped, not because of his weight but more because of the shadows casting their usual destruction at his wake.

He reached the boy, white and blue all over and so immersed in himself he either didn't notice or didn't care about him.

"Who are you?" He asked, his voice floating through the clearing much alike the dark figures at his feet.

The boy stiffened and turned his head, tired blue eyes focusing on his face. "Who are you?" He asked back, frowning as he struggled to stand.

"I asked first"

"I asked second"

Hiccup tilted his head, amused by the attempt of the boy to drive him away. "My name's Hiccup" He simply said.

The winter spirit narrowed his eyes, staring down at the fearling. "Jack" He answered back. "Are you spying on me?"

That made the shadow laugh, tapping Jack's cheek with his hand. "You're funny" He grinned, letting his hand rest on his shoulder for a second before dropping it. "What were you doing here? Looked awfully good, all alone and, were you crying?"

"No!" Jack shouted, stepping away. He scrubbed his face hastily with his sleeve, trying to get rid of the obvious tear-tracks marking his unmarred skin. "What do you care anyway? You're just a

nightmare!"

Hiccup raised an eyebrow, not deterred by the obvious insult. He took a step back, raising his hands in a way that promised no harm intended. "That's okay, if you want me gone you have but to ask. I'll leave you alone" He turned towards the forest, making his way out when something coiled around his waist.

He looked down to the broken circle of wood trapping him, turning his head to smile at the teen looking at him with a mix of suspicion and curiosity. "Yes?"

Jack dropped his staff, letting the shadow turn around to face him again. He said nothing, but Hiccup didn't need words.

It became a custom. Where Jack was, usually Hiccup would find him, and they would talk, share experiences. Hiccup would tell him of the few things he remembered of when he was alive, sights of fire and noise and getting trapped in an empty house most of his life until everything ended with him hitting the angry waves.

Jack didn't have much to say, other than he'd spent all his years after waking wandering the earth, shunned by other spirits and without being seen by any human. Until meeting him, he'd been contemplating freezing himself to avoid everything altogether. Hiccup listened curiously, wondering if Jack knew about the Moon's attempts at talking to him, wondering why the sprite couldn't listen.

Jack was like a puppy, he latched onto whatever affection he could find and didn't let go. It wasn't long until he was practically begging the nightmare to stay with him, clutching his robes and pulling at him until Hiccup had to retort to disintegrating them out of his hold. He would stroke the cold face of the eternal teen, promising to be back soon, and then he would drift away, enjoying the way Jack's fear of being alone again fuelled his body.

Then he would return a few weeks, even months later, and Jack would drop everything and fly to him, almost crashing into Hiccup, covering his greyish face with kisses and whispers of 'where were you' and 'I missed you so much'. Sometimes he would even cry. He was just too precious.

Now, having managed to drag Jack into his lair, he had found no resistance with making the boy submit to him, something already soft and old crumbling in his blue eyes, breaking down and letting the fog wash into his mind. It was beautiful to see.

"Come here" He whispered, the emptiness of the room dragging his voice to the alert, and endearingly big ears of the spirit. Jack scrambled, dropping his staff with a clatter to the ground, hesitating before taking the place Hiccup had vacated for him in the stone throne, his cheeks frosting blue when the same leg he'd been lavishing in affection and the damaged one, hidden from every sight, moved over his own legs, the nightmare settling down on his lap with an ease that felt similar to those with experience in riding.

Even there, with the smaller form on top of his, his own body taking up most of the seat, Jack still felt so small, so sad and pathetic compared to that benevolent, gorgeous creature that had dragged him out of the well of his own despair and into the comforting arms of

his somehow warm embrace.

Even the darkest of things felt warm compared to his own cold life.

"That's it" Hiccup purred, nuzzling into the crook of his neck, breathing on it. "You're so good, how didn't I find you sooner?"

Jack laughed softly, a bit choked and watery. "Sorry" He apologized. He apologized for almost everything, all the time, for everything he did and didn't do. Hiccup let him, petting his hair and face and hands and letting him cry and laugh and release everything he had bottled up inside.

Hiccup crooned against his skin, moving his hands over shoulders, arms, chest, everywhere he could reach without leaving his spot. "You don't need anything else"

"I don't?" Jack said softly, vacantly.

"Why don't you stay with me?"

Jack blinked, rubbing his hand up and down the fearling's back, feeling every bump and hollow of his back. "Why don't I?" He asked himself, feeling the boy shift against him, his lashes brushing against his cheek.

"You could go with me everywhere. All the time" Hiccup mouthed against his jaw, nipping along the line. "You wouldn't have to be alone again"

"Never?"

Hiccup smiled widely, his grin shining eerily in the darkness of the room. "Never" He brushed back white bangs from smiling eyes and closed the deal, sealing his mouth gently against Jack's, the shadows wildly enveloping them in their hold.

* * *

><p>"So, there?"<p>

Hiccup hummed his approval, looking at the kids wandering the depths of the forest, long past their bed time. Kids and their dares, not even a night before one got lost, falling prey to whatever lurked in the darkness. Like us, he thought.

"Remember, just scare them enough to feed off, then make sure they run home" Hiccup said, giving him the signal to go ahead. Jack dropped from his branch silently, melding with the shadows and approaching the kids leisurely.

'Black suits him', Hiccup thought, watching his little creation prey the kids he once tried to make laugh. He was just happy he'd caught him on time. Guardianship certainly wasn't Jack's place.

The Moon shone down on him, a brightness that burned holes in his robes and exposed his broken, dismembered lower limb. Hiccup hastily covered it, glaring at the shining orb. It was such a bother, having

the Man trying to come down on him at every given chance for taking his boy away from his path.

"I am his path" He said to the sky. The screams of children and the rustle of leaves as they escaped below him giving emphasis to his words. "I always was" He hissed.

A cloud covered the satellite, and he felt a hand grabbing his own. He clutched it, pressing it against his chest.

"Are you okay?" Jack asked, trying to see into his face, worry creasing his brow over his yellow eyes.

Hiccup smiled at him, petting his hair like calming down a pet. "I am. Just thinking about you"

Jack perked up, leaning into the touch. "What about?"

The nightmare chuckled, pulling the newly formed shadow to his chest, cradling his form against his much smaller one. "That you're mine, and always will be"

The clouds moved away, but not even the overly-shining glow of the moon managed to catch Jack's attention, too busy was he melting into the touch and feeling of finally belonging somewhere.

To someone.

Forever.

End
file.